for wormes, but Ile goe search the market. *Exit.*

Pand. Three are foure thousand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Baud. Why, to give over I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke up some pretty estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch'd; besides, the sore termes wee stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving ore.

Baud. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our profession any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirats and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my masters, you say she's a virgin?

Sayl. O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this peece you see, If you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Baud. Boult, ha's she any qualities?

Boult, Shee ha's a good face, speakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: there is no further necessitie of qualities can make her be refusd.

Baud. What's her price *Boult?*

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my masters, you shall have your money presently: wife take her in, instruct her what she has to do that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will give most, shall have her first. Such a maiden-head were no cheape thing, if men were as they have been: Get this done as I commandyou.

Boult. Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow:
He should have strucke, not spoke;

Or

Of that these Pirates, not enou
Had not ore-boord throwne me
Baud. Why weepe you pret
Mar. That I am pretty.
Baud. Come, the gods have
Mar. I accuse them not.
Baud. You are light into my
Where you are like to live.
Mar. The more my fault, to
Where I was like to die.
Baud. I, and you shall live in
Mar. No.
Baud. Yes indeede shall you,
shions. You shall fare well; yo
complexions: what de'ye stop
Mar. Are you a woman?
Baud. What would you hav
man?
Mar. An honest woman, or
Baud. Marry whip thee Go
to do with you. Come, ye'are
be bowed as I would have ye.
Mar. The gods defend me.
Baud. If it please the gods to
must comfort you, men must fe
Boults return'd.

Enter

Now sir, hast thou cride her th
Boult. I have cride her alm
I have drawne her picture wit
Baud. And prethee tell me,
tion of the people, especially
Boult. Faith they listend to
to their fathers Testament. T
watered, that he went to bed
Baud. Wee shall have him
ruffe on.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k